Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XV—NO 40. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1803. WHOLE NO 779.

RODOLPH.

A ROMANCE.

THE day had been peculiarly beautiful---the serenity of the evening, well suited to the philosophic mind of Rodolph, invited him from his humble cottage to ruminate upon some vestige of ancient grandeur which were situated on the summit of a hill rising abruptly from the fair scene of the smiling meadows, at once his delight and admiration. He crossed the coppice at the bottom of his cottage-garden, and entered the fragrant meads: his soul was wrapped in sweet contemplation! The lark was attuning her evening orisons, and Rodolph mingled with devotion in the song. The landscape now began to fade upon the sight." The sun had almost set in the western ocean; the neighboring mountains, whose lofty summits were almost mingled in blue æther, mocked a definition, no longer did the lengthened ray top the mountain's brow with saffron; the laborer had retired to rest with his weary limbs upon his pallet, and reposed his aged herd upon a pillow unsown with flowers. The journeying traveller had sought a resting place to recruit him for the next day's pilgrimage. The village smoke was no longer seen curling from the low-thatched cottage. The nut hung wavered in the gale, and the distant sheep-bell, and rusty watch-dog, only broke the solemn stillness.---Night now had spread her sable wings o'er the tired earth---Rodolph approached the sacred pile, whose mouldering battlements of venerable antiquity trembled with the frightful shrieks of the hideous owlet---every aspiring heap echoed the unwelcome sound—it aroused Rodolph from his trance of contemplation —The moon now appeared above the mountains: her mild silver soothing light looked flushed with anger red; its effect upon the irregular perspective of the mouldring pillows, some rearing high their shattered and ragged heads, while others lay in lowly heaps crumbling under their bases, with wild and romantic disorder, did not escape the observation of Rodolph: it was too solemn an affair to please the envenomed fancy of Vice, or the never wakeful breast of guilt; and the most virtuous must have felt an awe. The air began to be tremulous, and the aspect of the heavens seemed to portend a conflict of the elements; thick murderous clouds were rapidly collecting, and now fast upon the horizon; whilst those that frequently interrupted the moon-beams gave Rodolph still greater opportunity of observing the dull prospect before him. It was one of those nights when the mind best fortified with philosophy would have felt a dread. He prepared to return to the fragments which the rude hand of all killing Time had thrown from the tottering ruins: distantly opposed themselves, overgrown with brambles, and only perceivable by the broad glare of angry Cynthia smiting their angry fronts. Here and there the blue light of the glow-worm presented itself under the broken curve of an arch-trave, which ere now, perhaps, had adorned the triumphal arch of a proud conqueror; but now, alas! only afforded an asylum for the diminutive glow-worm, or poisonous toad. Such is human grandeur! and even this little glow-worm, whose rays are so contracted, could add gloom to the already awful picture.—Rodolph quickened his steps and was hastily passing that part of the ruinated pile which bore the resemblance of a Gothic temple, when, turning an acute angle, he perceived a glimmer of light which faintly shone through a fissure in the stones, from which the cement had crumbled. At first he imagined it to be the moon, whose rays at that instant had broke forth from the bosom of a black cloud, and spread a frightful glare over the lawn beneath: his surprise ceased, when the moon again becoming veiled, and the light still continuing he felt appalled, used as he had been to solitary walks, since he was deprived of his affectionate wife and her tender offspring; and oft as he has hailed those myriads of shining worlds which bedeck the lofty firmament and tuned his plaints to the melancholy song of the nightingale, whilst the, sweet soother! "responsive plaints returned," no dread he ever thought of; but now something beat upon his heart, and he felt it. Rodolph crept softly up to the aperture, and to his infinite astonishment beheld a suspended lamp. In surprise the ear vibrates to the still it found. Rodolph's was so and caught the hum of human voices; he turned about, fancying it might be the wind murmuring amongst the ivyed pillars. At that instant a horrific grating noise smote his senses; he stopped behind a fragment, fearing, if his fears were real, he might fall into the hands of banditti; he imagined the noise he heard proceeded from the opening of an ancient door, and to his inexpressible horror it was true, and forth came a figure, whether human or not his tortured imagination would not allow him to ascertain. The moon threw a crimsoned glare over the ruins, which conspired with the form he now saw to terrify and alarm him; it advanced with a solemn and majestic pace to the fragment were Rodolph lay concealed, when suddenly stopping, it removed a stone and disappeared. The philosophy with which he had been armed when pondering at the mid hour of night over the tomb of his departed friend, was never yet shaken; the unthought of sound of the lonely bell which quivered in the gale, never smote his heart; the panting leaves of the rustling poplar, nor the overhanging gloom of the funeral yew, nor the yawning graves with all their heart thrilling appendages, never yet gave him a pang, more than the heart of sensibility is ever alive to when beholding ought by which the remembrance of a departed friend is imaged on the mind; but now he felt a shock which his philosophy was not proof against; he remained some moments behind the fragment; an invincible curiosity, strengthened by an ardent passion for the romantic, prompted him to proceed, whilst a secret and chilling dread cautioned him to return. He made half a step back; but again stopt, and at length determined to proceed (committing himself to Providence) to unravel the mysterious appearances which enveloped this place of horror; he crossed the ruins, desirous of gaining the place from whence the figure he had seen issued. As light as fear would permit him, a gleam of clouded moonshine assisted his desires, and he discovered a large iron gate standing open; he pauled when again breathing an ejaculation to Heaven, he entered, an awful silence prevailed, save what the short breathings of his terrified mind interrupted; he advanced with wary steps, intombed in thick darkness, in a direct line, attentively pondering what might be the event of this his bold intrusion, when suddenly he saw at some distance before him a small trembling flame. He hastened to come up with it, but in vain, it disappeared, and at the moment of darkness he stumbled and fell, and these dreary mansions of horror re-echoed with his fall. The light now again appeared glimmering round an avenue; he attempted to rise, but was detained, all his animal functions was instantly arrested, and the chilly hand of the king of terrors seemed to have grasped him. Soon as he recovered his recollection he endeavored to rise, and again found his inability; when, in searching to find what obstructed or detained him, he placed his hand on a human skull, and in a moment the whole ruins were rent with a violent shriek; and the long hollow aisles returned the petrifying sounds; overwhelmed with every idea that could impart terror, he lay ruminating on his dreadful situation.

Immediate death would at that time have been a kind release to Rodolph, who prefaged at the best a lingering decay, abounding with accumulated horrors. Whilst this bitter reflection was passing over his agitated mind, a violent shriek again filled the whole ruins, again was returned in hollow echoes all that could rack the soul of sensibility: his imagination now knew no bounds to its apathising pictures. To continue, would be too calmly submitting to a situation which the human mind could not long endure; he essayed again, and rose upon one knee, the whole effort of agonized nature gave him strength, he struggled, when a shock louder and more tremendous than the rock---splitting thunders, trembled the ruins to their basis, and shook Rodolph's reason to its foundation. The storm which he had foreseen gathering on the elements, now began; a stream of vivid lightning poured through a cranny, and displayed a scene more than sufficient to appal a giant heart: he saw himself in a charnel-house, surrounded with marrowless carcases, entombed in darkness, ruins, and death; the spectre, the light, the mangled skeletons, and the heart-curdling shrieks rushed at once on his mind with all their force; he felt himself once more at liberty, and saw by the glare of the lightning, that he had pulled down a great heap of the ruined vault that he was in; and that he had been detained by some projecting bars of rusty iron which had entangled in his garment; he thanked heaven, and again went forward, but not many paces before he was stopt by a damp wall.---He found himself in a labyrinth of gloom, trampling upon heaps of bones which crumbled under his feet; a reflection of light appeared on the wall before him, he turned and beheld the small flame which scarcely emitted light enough to display the broken walls overun with mantling moss, and dropping with poisonous dew. The damps chilled his half-warm blood, which almost had forgot its motion; he felt himself somewhat cheered at the discovery of this dismal light, hoping it might lead him to quit the caverns of death; he followed the flame down a narrow passage, the arched stones of which appeared giving way, and threatened immediate destruction. The again disappeared, and the darkness was for a considerable time alone interrupted by flashes of lightning, which glared over the ruins. The tempest approached; the frighted owls shrieked from every part of the ruined pile, which trembling mingled in the wild and

horrid uproar; it now occurred to him that the shrieks he was regaled with when in the dismal vault from which he had been delivered were the yells of those birds of night. This discovery animated him, he proceeded, and kept close to the broken sup'rous walls, frequently encountering with his hands some deadly weeds, which hung pendulently wet. The wall terminated, but not so his terrors; for on one side of him, at the further end of a long aisle, he saw not one solitary flame, but many, which appeared mingled in a dance; he immediately fancied himself on enchanted ground, and expected every moment to be overtaken with some calamity more direful. The lights continued playing about, and as he advanced they went forward, and after some time disappeared; he involuntarily turned his head, and to his utter amazement saw the same lights at the beginning of the vault which he had traversed; the whole cavern beamed with a sudden glare, far outshining the trembling flames, and whilst he was rivetted and motionless, the figure he before saw crossed the bottom of the vault.

[To be continued.

For the New York Weekly Museum

Please to give the following extract from the Abbe Barruel's account of the closing scene of Diderot's life, a place in the Museum, and oblige a friend.

PHILOS.

DIDEROT.

This Infidel Philosopher had a christian servant, to whom he had been kind, and who waited on him in his last illness. The servant took a tender interest in the melancholy situation of his master, who was just about to leave this world, without any preparation for another. Tho' a young man he ventured one day when he was engaged about his master's person, to remind him that he had a soul, and to admonish him, in a respectful way, not to lose the last opportunity of attending to its welfare. Diderot heard him with attention, melted into tears and thanked him; he even consented to let the young man introduce a clergyman, whom he would probably have continued to admit to his chamber, if his infidel friends would have suffered the clergyman to repeat his visits.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE MARRIED MAN AND BACHELOR.

A married man may meet with misfortunes in the world, but so he may an unmarried. The first will always have a double portion of the sympathy of good men; their benevolent regards will be in proportion to the number of their species who may be affected by such misfortunes. A married man may be injured in his character and hurt in his dearest interests; so also may a bachelor; but who considers the damages in the same light. Both, indeed, enjoy the protection of the laws, but the first has ever held a more respectable rank in society and in a just RATIO to that rank his damages will always be estimated. A married man may suffer much by the occasional distress of his family; but he has the comfort to reflect that those to whom he now discharges the tender offices of friendship and humanity will cheerfully repay them in kind, should the providence of God ever make their case his own.---The bachelor when reduced to a sick bed, is a pitiable object;---unable to help himself,---with none but mercenary servants, perhaps more mercenary relations, about him, whom shall he trust? If he is poor, neglect, in his greatest need, is the bitter portion of his cup;---if he is rich, yet alas! what avails it? Physicians may prescribe,---medicines may be administered;---but still, many may be interested in his death,---perhaps not one in his recovery.

THE EFFECT OF NOVELTY.

THE widow of a grandee of Spain wished to marry one of the officers of her household, a gentleman possessed of pleasing person and manners.---The young man with a delicacy which is very rare, for a long time strongly represented to her, that such an unequal alliance would subject him to constant opprobrium. The widow in answer to this objection, had the tail and mane of two beautiful coach horses cut off; the beasts had been before universally remarked for their handsome appearance; she still continued to use them, when she paid all her visits. So strange and novel a whim was, at first, the continual topic of conversation among her friends; in a week the astonishment somewhat abated, and in a month it was entirely forgot. "This is exactly what will happen to us," said the lady to the gentleman; "when the novelty is over, the astonishment ceases." This reasoning finished the difficulty, and entirely satisfied the young man's scruples.

REMARK.

NO fools are so troublesome as those who have some wit.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

SONNET TO POVERTY.

I'D woo thee in thy sylvan cot, meek Poverty!
Thy straw couch, thy mapple dish I'd prize,
And court thy filler, nut-brown Exercise;
In peasant toil, and rustic privacy,
Taste such pure joys, as wealth can never buy:
But now no more such virtue in thee lies,
Cheerful Simplicity the cottage flies,
To roam afar with tribes of Araby:
Thou bring'st thy wat'ry nought, but cries for bread,
The wretches murmur, by sedition led;
The world's neglect, the friend's averted ear,
The rich man's pity, and the mean man's sneer;
Thou now can'st nought but chill indifference bring,
And Scorn's abhorred glance, and Slander's venom'd sting.

THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

From the Greek of Menander.

WHOE'ER approaches to the Lord of all,
And with his offerings desolates the stall;
Who brings a hundred bulls with garlands dreft,
Or purple mantle, or the golden vest;
Or ivory figures richly wrought around,
Or curious images with emeralds crown'd;
And hopes with these God's favor to obtain,
His thoughts are fourish, and his hopes are vain.
He, only he, may trust his prayer will rise,
And Heaven accept his grateful sacrifice,
Who leads beneficent a virtuous life,
Who wrongs no virgin, who corrupts no wife;
No robber he, no murd'rer of mankind,
No miser, fervant of the foolish mind.
Dare to be just, my Pamphilus, disdain
The smallest trifle for the greatest gain:
For God is nigh thee, and his purer sight
In acts of goodness only takes delight;
He feeds the laborer for his honest toil,
And heaps his substance as he turns the soil.
To him then humbly pay the rites divine,
And not in garments but in goodness shine.
Guiltless of conscience, thou may'st safely sleep,
Tho' thunders bellow thro' the boundless deep.

POOR POLLY, THE MAD GIRL.

By W. H. Ireland.

POOR Polly was mad, and she sighed all alone,
Her bed the damp turf, and her pillow a stone,
A poor tatter'd blanket enwrap'o her form,
But her bosom was bar'd to the pitiless storm:
For alas! in that breast reign'd love's ardent desire,
And she thought the bleak winds might perhaps cool the fire.

Her hair was dishevell'd, and straw bound her head;
And lovely her face, though its roses were fled;
Her notes, though untun'd by musical art,
Were plaintively wild, and sunk deep in the heart;
And the strains that unceasingly flow'd from her breath,
Was "the vulture has plunder'd the nightingale's nest."

Quite frantic I saw her, and pitied her fate:
I wept, and my bosom was swelling with hate;
My curses, perfidious despoiler! were thine;
My sorrow was offer'd as sympathy's shrine;
For remorseless thou fled'st her, and fcoff'd at her pain;
Thou alone art the vulture that prey'd on her brain.

LOVE AND DEATH.

By Ben Jonson.

THO' I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Death or love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end like way may have
By flash of lightning, or a wave;
So love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand;
Except loves fires the virtue have
To fright the frost from out the grave.

REMARK.

There is nothing of which we are so liberal as of advice.

For the New-York Weekly Muse

TO THEODORE.

I FEEL myself highly honored by the sentiments attachment which you are pleased to profess to me, your merits bear a true assimulation to the glowing and feelingly portrayed, the continuance of this correspond will appear pregnant with a delightful prospect of happiness.

Few (I fancy) of my sex can boast of an invisible ster, with truth honesty, and a great share of unde to recommend him. argumentum ad hominem, th gatto is somewhat singular, and that I am not so chance, and the majority of my sex. They, indee fond of flattery, so fools engross all their smiles; yo is different, and hence permit me to advise you to that sanguine anticipation too easily betrayed in the period of our correspondence, else I am fearful you too violent to be lasting,---it, however, reminds Lord Littleton's advice to Belinda,---

> Hard is the fortune that your sex attends:
> Women, like Princes find no real friends:
> All who approach them their own ends purs
> Lovers and Ministers are never true,
> Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
> And the most trusted guide the most betrays.

I sincerely recommend an attentive perusal of his Lord poem to all young ladies, as it would teach them to d inate when a lover spoke the language of love with ing the power of it, and would not attribute that which is mere gallantry, especially, when they talk rtage and the like, in the unmeaning language of ratio!

It is certainly a flattering circumstance when two red minds are engaged by the ties of reciprocal fri each, alternately, receives and communicates a tra which is inconceivable to all those who are not pla the like situation; from hence, indeed, arises th ennobling sympathy that alleviates affliction; and h neipated pleasure, which heightens prosperity and self. Virtuous love and friendship, are the noblest of which the human soul is susceptible; join toge one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the o recting it with a rule of reason. This blessing is u lectably known to the minds of those who are c by hymen through his own realms of innocence a cerity. Vale.---

MARIA-A

PARADOX, FOR THE LADIES.

THERE are two enemies in the universe, whos is so exactly opposite to each other, as to be q way of comparison, for being the veriest contradi human nature; and so bitter are they in this intest what one has taken infinite pains to complete, the o been equally indefatigable in endeavoring to destro with all these evident attempts to keep up their ani veteracy, it is no less certain than wonderful, that effects of their operations are precisely alike. Both of by the same act bestow permanent health, or debil sickness; contract and expand, brace and relax, th of animation, in those cases which are blessed and with their presence. The influence of these strang tures extends from the arctic to the antarctic; nay travels have reached to either extremity of the glob are, at times, the objects of adoration and aversion; the passions and appetites of those with whom they are extremely subjected to their sway; now confer guor, debility, inertion, and indifference; now rou dormant qualities; invigorating the weak; banishing thy; and enlivening the torpid principles.---Then too, is as various as their modes of governing, whic duce such similar consequences: he one, some times, his garments (which are of a plain colour, and strang texture) with fringes of a peculiar brilliancy. Th matter of much contention to his unwilling contemp who although her gaudy robes would ill-become tional finery, fixes an eye of such angry import as obliges the old beau to drop the ill-affected ornt and by this reluctant compliment, proves the inferi his claim to equal power.

ORIGIN OF WIGS.

SAXTON, king Henry the eight's fool, is the first recorded to have worn a wig in England; and th from some tradition concerning the weaver, appears been long and flowing hair, with "verie manie curies the backe". The size is rather corroborated by t it cost; for in an account of the treasurer of the cha in the reign of Henry VIII, now extant, there s lowing memorandum, viz. "Paid for a wig for Sax king's foole, twentie shillings."

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ANNA

HOW sweet the enjoyment of love,
When hearts in bleſt union agree!
They conſtantly, conſtantly prove,
From LOVE flows the beſt harmony.

Fair ANNA poſſeſſes the pow'r
To ſooth the diſconſolate heart,
She pleaſure beſtows ev'ry hour,
For beauty has given her art.

She's a roſe that is ever in bloom,
Like the lily ſhe's fair to the ſight;
The thoughts of her mind can illume,
And add to love's deareſt delight.

When fleeting old age ſhall come on,
And ſteal the ſweet bloom from her face,
Her virtues, which nought can dethrone,
Will ſhine with more exquiſite grace.

To her every good appertains,
O'er paſſions her reaſon bears ſway.---
But I'm blind---I am bound with her chains,
And love has propell'd me aſtray.

Dec. 14, Greenſburgh. W. C.

ANECDOTE.

At Guy's hoſpital in Southwark, there is a ſmall building for lunatics adjoining to a neighboring ſtreet. A madman having made his eſcape through one of the windows, crawled along the roofs of ſeveral houſes but coming at length to a houſe with bad tiling, the man dropped into a garret, where a woman was ſitting at work. 'Good God! (cried ſhe) who is there --who are you? I muſt call for help!'---Hold your tongue, you fool, (anſwered the madman) hold your tongue,---I am only come to make a SKYLIGHT for you.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, December 17, 1803.

The city clerk reports, that from the 3d to the 10th inſt. 9 perſons have died in this city of various diſorders; of which number 25 were adults, and 18 children.

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Wedneſday next the 21ſt inſt. is ſet apart by the Clergy of different denominations in this city, as a day of Public Thankſgiving and Prayer, and recommended by the Corporation to be obſerved accordingly.

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On Tueſday morning about 3 o'clock, a moſt violent ſtorm commenced from the S. W. Weſt, and continued through the day, at times from N. N. W. and W. which drove on uncommon high ſea. The veſſels at anchor dragged, and none, as we learn, went on ſhore. Along the wharfs conſiderable damage was done---ſeveral ſmall craft were wrecked to pieces, and foundered---others were more or leſs injured in their ſpars, hulls and rigging.

The ſloop Polly, Captain Kelly, of Poughkeepſie, went on the rocks at the Battery; her cargo was taken out, and it is expected that ſhe will be got off with damage.

A ſmall ſchooner belonging to Mr. Scheuck, of Long-Iſland, and a mill boat belonging to Mr. John Cornell, of the ſame place, ſunk in Coenties'-ſlip. The latter had 100 bbls of flour on board, but a ſmall quantity of which was ſaved.

The ſhip Swift, juſt arrived from the Eaſt-Indies while at anchor two miles below Fort Jay, parted her cables, but ſafely got into port without damage, by the good management of Mr. Funk, the pilot. The ſhip Mars bound to Liverpool, parted her cable in the Eaſt River, and diſtributed to the Wallabout. A boat going from the ſhore to this veſſel, upſet, and, it is ſaid one man was drowned.

[Daily Gaz.

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Captain Houſeman, arrived here on Thurſday, in 2 days from Currituck, informs us---that on Tueſday laſt, a ſloop belonging to Alexandria, from Jamaica, bound to that place, was caſt away, 2 miles below Currituck bar. Seven men and five women periſhed by this unfortunate diſaſter; the captain was among the dead. Veſſel totally loſt.

—

Advices from New-Orleans, as late as the 14th Nov. ſtate that Mr. Claiborne, Governor of the Miſſiſippi Territory, has been nominated by the Preſident, Commiſſioner on the part of the United States, to receive Louiſiana from the French. Although no direct alluſion is made to the exiſtence of any obſtacles being oppoſed to this meaſure, it is hinted, that as the Spaniards have evinced a diſpoſition to equivocate and prevaricate, the appointment of ſuch a character as Mr. Claiborne, who is rather boiſterous in his deportment is not calculated to conciliate the already irritated temper of the Dons. [Phil Gaz.

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By the arrival at Newburyport, of Capt Patch, in the ſhip Eliza, 47 days from Liſbon, we are informed that it was not expected Portugal could long reſiſt the tide of French influence. It was ſuppoſed that the Spaniards would certainly join the French, as they had concluded not to purchaſe a neutrality on the terms ſtated in late papers. He underſtood that England had given the Spaniſh court to underſtand, that ſhe ſhould expect a ſum not leſs than ſhould be given to Bonaparte as a conſideration for the priviledge of remaining neutral. The Engliſh merchants were in expectation of being ordered from Liſbon.

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The following account of a ſtorm which the Britiſh army encountered, while at Marmorice-Bay, on its route to Egypt, is taken from Sir Robert Wilſon's hiſtory of that expedition, and reſembles in its fury and effects the dreadful inundation which lately broke out on the Iſland of Madeira

"On the 8th of February, 1801, ſays he, commenced the moſt violent thunder and hail-ſtorm ever remembered, and which continued two days and nights intermittingly. The hail, or rather ice-ſtones, were as big as large walnuts. The camps were deluged with a torrent of them two feet deep, which pouring from the mountains, ſwept every thing before it. The ſcene of confuſion on ſhore by the horſes breaking looſe, and the men being unable to fire the ſtorm or remain ſtill in the freezing deluge, ſurpaſſes deſcription. The ſhips in the harbor were in no leſs diſorder from driving, loſs of maſts, &c. and the Swiftſure was ſtruck with lightning. At night the firmament was from the increaſing flaſhes, in a ſtate of conſtant and vivid illumination. To add to the terrific grandeur of this conculſion of the elements, ſignal guns of diſtreſs were frequently heard, and the howlings of wolves, jackalls, &c. reached through the mountains at the back of the camp, in the intervals whenever the thunder ceaſed. It is not in the power of language to convey an adequate idea of ſuch a tempeſt."

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MURDER.

On the night of the 27th of October laſt a certain Mr. James Howard in conjunction with myſelf, were travelling down the Ohio river with a number of negroes, bound to the Natchez; unfortunately ſome of the negro men meditated the ſanguine intention of killing us as we were lying aſleep, and accordingly attempted to carry their object into execution; one of them with an axe, and ano her with a loaded whip, terminated the life, of the ſaid Mr. Howard; I fortunately got overboard, receiving a ſtroke on my wriſt and ſwam aſhore. The fellows were all ſeized and committed to jail of Kenawha County, two of whom have received ſentence of death, the others have been ordered to be hired out, and will be detained until the friends of Mr. Howard come forward; and as the conveyance of letters are uncertain, I deem it moſt expedient to convey the melancholy intelligence through the medium of newſpapers.

THOMAS ROWAN.

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NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

A tree grows in China which produces peaſe very little different from thoſe of Europe; and another, bearing white berries of the ſize of a hazel nut, whoſe pulp is nothing but a ſort of a tallow, of which candles are made; there is, likewiſe, one called the white ſhining wax of greater value than the common bees-wax. Some of the above has been procured for the Company's gardens in India, and are ſaid to thrive very well. [Lond. pap.

AN INDIAN FABLE.

THE Indian fabuliſts tell us, that a god, beautiful, young, and well proportioned, once made his appearance in a nation of hump-backed people. This god, ſay they, entering the capital, was in a ſhort time ſurrounded by multitudes of the inhabitants. His figure appeared very extraordinary, and their laughter and ſarcaſms declared their aſtoniſhment. They would have carried their affronts ſtill farther, had not one of the inhabitants, who had doubleleſs ſeen other men, cried out in order to protect him---"O, my friends, what are you going to do? Let us not inſult this unhappy piece of deformity: if heaven has laviſhed on us all the gifts of beauty; if it has adorned our backs with mountains of fleſh, let us be filled with gratitude, repair to the temple, and return thanks to the omnipotent gods."

This fable is the hiſtory of human vanity. All people admire their own defects, and deſpiſe the oppoſite qualities. To ſucceed in any country, we muſt carry the hump of the nation in which we trade.

COURT OF HYMEN.

'TIS not in Hymen's gay propitious hour,
With ſummer ſkies and genial breezes bleſt:
That Man's comfort's worth approveth beſt:
'Tis when the ſkies with gloomy tempeſts lour,
When Cares and Sorrows all their torrents pour,
She cliſps him cloſer to her hallow'd breaſt;
Pillows his head, and lays his heart to reſt,
Drying her cheek from ſympathetic ſhow'r.

MARRIED,

On Wedneſday laſt week, by the Rev. Dr Pilmore, Mr ROBERT DUNLAP, to Miſs ELIZA PHOENIX.

On Thurſday laſt week, at Flatlands, L. I. by the Rev. Mr Louw, Mr ALBERT VAN DYCKE, of Red Hook, to Miſs JANE WYCKOFF, of Flatlands.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr Lind, Capt. ASA SPALDING, of this city, to Miſs JANE YOUNG, lately from the Iſle of Wight. (Eng.)

On Saturday evening, by the Rev. Mr Miller, Mr NATHANIEL L. GRISWOLD, merchant, to Miſs CATHARINE LASHER, daughter of John Laſher, Eſq

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr Beach, Mr GURDON I. SEYMOUR, Printer, of Savannah, (Geo.) to Miſs KITTY COSTIGAN, of this city.

Same evening by the Rev. Mr Sirebeck, Mr JACOB BUSZE, to Miſs ANN MARGARET BURGH.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. J. Abeel, Dr. JOSEPH BAYLEY, of the Health-Office, to Miſs ANN POST, daughter of Col. Anthony Poſt, all of this city.

Same evening, Mr. THOMAS FOWLER, of Flushing, (L. I.) to Miſs ELIZABETH LOW, of this city, after a long courtſhip

On Wedneſday evening laſt, at Staten Iſland, by the Rev Mr Cole, Mr. JAMES TOTTEN, to Miſs MARY JOHNSON, daughter of Mr. Wynant Johnſon, deceaſed,---all of that place.

—

EPITAPH.

THE friend of genius and of truth,
Here reſts beyond the reach of pain,
Here beauty lies and blooming youth---
Reflect, ye giddy and ye vain!

Why need the ſculptur'd ſtone declare
That love and friendſhip held her dear,
Since none who knew her could forbear
The ſilent but expreſſive tear.

☞ To-morrow afternoon a CHARITY SERMON will be preached at the Methodiſt Church, in Second-ſtreet, (Bowery) and a COLLECTION made for the ſupport of the Methodiſt Free School.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be preſented, the celebrated Play of

John Bull

To which will be added a Farce in 2 acts, never performed here, called

Bonaparte in England.

JOHN HARRISSON,
HAS FOR SALE AS USUAL,
TICKETS
Whole, in Halves, and Quarters,
IN THE LOTTERY FOR ASSISTING THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF POOR WIDOWS WITH SMALL CHILDREN.
☞ Tickets regiſtered and examined as uſual.

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PIECES
For ſale at No. 3 Peck ſlip

M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No 79 BEEKMAN STREET.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopædia Brittanica, with the ſupplement, 20 vols 4to. The Preceptor, containing a ſyſtem of education, 2 vols. 8vo. Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, 2 vols. in 1. 8vo. Berkeley's Minute Philoſopher, 8vo. Hull's tales in Poetry, 8vo. Bunn's Poems, 8vo. Britiſh Theatre, 34 vols. Butler's Hudibras, 12mo. Together with ſeveral other valuable publications, and a variety of the moſt eſteemed Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subſcribers and readers by the ſingle volume, may be known by enquiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the evening. Dec. 17.

COURT OF ALCOLAD.

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.

SEW up the hammock, Death has laid
Poor Tom in Honor's bed;
Heave out a figh, and lower away,
Our gallant meffmate's dead.

A right trim-hearted lad he was,
A feaman ftout and bold;
He lov'd his friend-- he lov'd his girl,
But now his heart is cold.

So long as French and Spaniards fought,
No hon was more brave;
But when they cry'd for quarters, none
Than Jack more free to fave.

When overboard and ftruggling hard
For life's dear fake was I,
Though wind the waves, and loud the wind,
Jack heard my piteous cry.

He afk'd no leave of paltry fear,
He fwam and took me out;
Now Jack muft fink, and I may fwim,
So Fortune wheels about.

Farewel, poor Jack --in vain, for thee,
The ocean billows roar;
Farewel, poor Jack, with honor won--
Thou now haft reach'd the fhore.

SONG.

ALONE by the banks of the fweet winding Devon,
When nature was funk in the fweets of repofe,
Fair Emmeline ftray'd, to mourn her falfe lover,
And tell to the winds the fad tale of her woes.

The clear fhining ftreamlet, meander'd along,
Beneath the pale rays of the Moon's filver light;
The foft paffing breeze fweetly whifper'd the long
Of fad, plaintive Philomel, fongfters of night,

With a heart almoft breaking, fair Emmeline cry'd,
"Ah! why cruel youth waft thou falfe unto me!
"On that fatal day, oh! had I but died,
"For life has no pleafure to me without thee.

"Thou foft murmuring ftream, and ye green verdant vales,
"Bedeck'd with wild flowers freth blooming and fair,
"Thy gay daify'd banks, nor thy fweet-fcented gales,
"Can foothe my fad bofom that throbs with defpair."

THE PITCHER.

ONE drear night, as home he ran,
A fage obfery'd a poor blind man,
Whofe hand a lighted torch difplay'd,
A pitcher on his fhoulder laid.
"Pray, fimpleton (quoth he) what ufe
To you can that fame torch produce;
The grateful change of day and night
Unknown to you why bear a light?"
"'Tis not for me, (the blind returns)
This blazing torch at midnight burns,
I'm poor, not likely to grow richer,
And, therefore, greatly prize my pitcher;
So fear, left in the ftreet's rude buftle,
Some fool like you againft me juftle."

ON A LADY WHO HAD A BLOOD-SHOT EYE.

OH let it be faid, thine eye is all red,
No longer, dear Harriet, be moody,
Since fo many die by the ftroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody."

ANECDOTES.

THE circumftance of Dr. Leufom having liberally fubfcribed gol. for ftimpel blankets, waiftcoats, and other comforts for the foldiers (although as a quaker he could not contribute to military meafures) reminds us of one of his fociety, who being afked to fubfcribe towards the erection of a new church, replied, "Friend, I cannot conftfcently fubfcribe towards building thy church, but I will give thee a pool, to pull the old one down.

This reminds us of another anecdote of a quaker who had the command of a trading veffel which had to encounter an enemy's lugger on her voyage His principles forbade him to fight direct; he therefore refigned the command to the mate. In the courfe of the action however, things did not go to his liking and he addreffed his mate in the following terms: "If thou meaneft to hit the enemy, friend, thou fhouldeft point thy guns a little more abaft."

MORALIST.

A Hypocrite puts on all the appearance of religion, and adorns himfelf with the moft facred part of it. Obferve his deportment--it is an affected gravity which nothing can alter. Hear his converfation, he talks with a ftudied induftry on the moft folemn fubjects--he is full of fententious fayings and pious maxims, and fo fevere that he is ready to take offence at the moft innocent actions. Mind his dreft it is precife and particular, and a ton of fanctity is affected in all his furniture, and all his equipage. Follow him into a place of worfhip, there particularly his hypocrify erects its tribunal, and there he difplays his religion in all its pomp; there he feems more affidious than the moft wife and zealous Chriftians; there he lifts up his eyes to Heaven, there he fighs, there he bedews the earth with his tears--in one word, whatever feems venerable in the church, he takes pains to practife, and pleafure to difplay.

WITHOUT SEAM.

PATENT FLOOR CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ftill continues carrying on the above bufinefs; and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the expreis purpofe, from one to feven yards in width toge her with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the bufinefs on a more extenfive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ferve his cuftomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenfions equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much fhorter time and cheaper rate.

N B. Thofe ladies and gentlemen, who wifh to be fupplied with the above articles for the approaching fummer, will do well to forward their orders foon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the fpring, as fome time is neceffary for feafoning.

☞ Orders left at Osborn and Van Nottrand's, No 7, Beekman-Slip, New York or at the Factory, in Brooklyn, Long Ifland, will be affiduoufly attended to. Dec. 17

LIQUID BLACKING,

TICE'S improved fhining liquid blacking for boots fhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black is univerfally allowed the beft ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it foft, fmooth and beautiful to the laft, and never fails. Black morocco that has loft its luftre is reftored equal to new by the ufe of this blacking. Sold wholefale, retail and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery ftore, No. 118 William ftreet, and by G. Camp, No. 148 Pearl ftreet, where all orders will be punctually received and immediately executed

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be figned J. Tice, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewife for fale, a general aflortment of perfumery of the firft quality. Dec 17.

NEW NOVEL.

This day published by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, oppofite the City Hotel; ZAIDA or the DETHRONEMENT of MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded on hiftoric facts, tranfla ed from the German of Auguftus Von Kotzebue, never before publifhed in the Engliih language; to which is added an hiftoric drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the fame author.

MISS SULLIVAN

Refpectfully informs her friends and the public, that fhe has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, in Cherry-Street No. 99 a few doors from the New Slip for the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herfelf, by her attention to the intellects and improvement of thofe who may be intrufted to her care, to merit a liberal fhare of encouragement. Thofe Ladies who would wifh to be completed in writing, by applying to Miss Sullivan will be taught that art in a few leffons only; and fuch as cannot make it convenient to come to her School, fhe will if required, attend them at their houfes.

N B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry Street, or at her School. Dec 3 tf.

M. WATSON,

No. 18 Dey ftreet, has juft opened an elegant affortment of CHILDBED LINEN gentlemen's embroidered Shirts Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. alfo, Sheets, Towels, &c. &c. Nov. 19.

E. THOMPSON

Silk, Cotton, and Woolen Dyer No 26 Broad-Street, cleans and dyes all forts of filks and ftuffs; gentlemen's clothes cleaned and dyed; ladies gowns dyed and glazed, filk ftockings and camel hair fhawls elegantly cleaned and calendered; chip hats dyed and neatly finifhed.

Where Nature, fometimes erring on her part,
The decent finifh muft be left to art;
With trivial labor may the hand remove
The fmall cutaneous obftacles to love.
The change reflected from the faithful glafs,
See what it is, and think on what it was!
While Pride, exhibing at the happy change,
And Beauty, more at liberty to range,
No more enamor'd of plebeian things,
But fettles in the golden lap of kings

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin,
particularly
Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burn, Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every defcription, Prickley Heat, Redneis of the Nofe, Neck, Arms, &c. &c.

Are effectually and fpeedily cured by
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been adminiftered by the proprietor for feveral years in Europe and America with the greateft fuccefs. By a fimple application of this fluid night and morning, it will remove the moft rancorous and alarming fcurvy in the face. It is perfectly fafe, yet powerful, and poffeffes all the good qualities of the moft celebrated cofmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficatious remedy, and a valuable and almoft indifpenfable appendage to the toilet, infinitely fuperior to the common trafh--Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roles! Suffice it however to fay, it has been adminiftered to many thoufands in the United States and to Ladies with the greateft and moft unparalleled fuccefs, and without even a fingle complaint of its inefficacy. A fmall bottle at 75 cents will be found fufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and fold at Church's Difpenfary, No. 1 Frost ftreet, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3

N. SMITH,

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rofe, 114 Broadway, oppofite the City-Hotel.

SMITH'S improved chemical Milk of Roles, fo well known for clearing the fkin from fcurf, pimples, redness and burns; has not its equal for whitening and preferving the fkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after fhaving--with printed directions--6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Graff, for thickening the hair, keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His fuperfine white Hair Powder, 2s. per lb.---double, double fcented, 2s. 6d.

His beautiful Rofe Powder, 8s 6d.

Highly improved fweet fcented hard and foft Pomatum, 2s. per pot or roll, double, 4s.

His white almond Wafh Ball, 2s. and 3s each. do. good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s & 3s. Do. Vegetable

Smith's Balfamic Lip Salve of Roles for giving a beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughneis and chaps, and leaves them quite fmooth 2s and 4s per box.

His fine cofmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughneis, and leaving the fkin fmooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Paite, for waihing the face, making it fmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewife his Vegetable or Pearl Cofmetic for immediately whitening the fkin.

All kinds of fweet fcented Waters and Eflences, with every article neceffary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shoe Liquid Blacking---Almond Powder for the Skin, &c.

Smith's Cicciffia Oil, for glofling and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on a chemical principle, to help the operation of fhaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaifter, 3s per box.

The beft warranted Concave Razors, elaftic Razor Shaving Boxes, Drefling Cafes, Pen Knives, Scifiars, tortoife fhell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine white Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will only have a faving but have their goods freih and free adulteration, which is not the cafe with imported perfumes. Great allowance to thofe who fell again.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.
Paid in advance.